

Good 226 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

AND THIS WAS PHONEY

adds
**PETER
PRENDERGAST**

OUTSTANDING among the frauds that have become legendary figures is Richard Turpin, whose "exploits" have been told in rhyme and song for nearly two hundred years.

He never had a horse called Black Bess. He never made that famous ride to York. He never was a hero in any way whatever.

The fact is, he was just a low-down rascal who met his deserts later than he ought. He was an assaulter of women, a horse stealer, and a murderer.

Son of a farmer at Thackstead, Essex, he was apprenticed to a butcher there, and after serving his apprenticeship, married a girl named Palmer, of West Ham. He hated routine work, and began to steal cattle and cut the carcasses up for sale.

Two stolen carcasses were found at his home, and he ran away and joined a gang of smugglers in Essex.

When the Customs Officers broke up the gang and had them on the run, Turpin joined up with some deer-stalkers in Epping Forest. This did not pay, so he took to burglary and house-breaking.

One of his first victims was a chandler in Watford. Turpin and his associates then broke into the house of an old widow at Loughton who was reputed to have money in her home. She defied the burglars.

So Turpin gagged and bound the old woman and put her on her own fire—the grates were large and roomy in those days—and in her torment the woman confessed where she kept her money. The gang took about £400.

DOG MEETS DOG.

The authorities issued a reward for the arrest of the gang, but nobody dared give information—if they had any. After an affair at Marylebone, however, the police secured two of the gang. Turpin resolved to work on his own after that. He feared being "given away."

Nobody knew exactly where his hang-out was situated, though it was somewhere between London and Cambridge.

One day, as he rode along the highway looking for "fares," he saw a well-dressed horseman coming towards him.

Out came Turpin's pistols and the usual demand to hand over his possessions. For reply, the stranger laughed. "Why, Turpin," said he, "dog doesn't eat dog. If you don't know me, brother, I know you, and shall be glad of your company."

The stranger proved to be another highwayman, named King.

They joined company and operated on the main road for many months, committing many robberies and plundering so much that they were always refused accommodation at any inn to which they repaired.

They found a large cave on the Loughton Road, where they could live with their horses, and from this hiding-place they emerged almost daily to carry on their business, sharing the spoils together equally.

Even the pedlars who trav-



elled the road had to carry firearms to protect themselves.

The Government offered a reward of £900 for the capture of Turpin, and as it was known that he had a hiding-place in Epping Forest, the keeper there was told to keep a sharp lookout. With a travelling produce-buyer, he set out to find his man.

In the forest they met Turpin, who laughed at them and remarked that there were "no hares on the thicket."

"We have not come for hares," replied the keeper. "We've come to arrest you, Turpin."

But Turpin kept talking to the two, temporising, as he backed, until he had his gun in his hand. Then he fired and shot the keeper dead. And he got away.

KILLED HIS FRIEND.

For weeks Turpin defied the authorities, and kept committing robberies with King.

But one Saturday night, in the Red Lion Inn, Whitechapel, they were recognised, and it became a fight for liberty.

In the shooting, Turpin, by mistake, hit King, who dropped with the cry, "Dick, you have killed me." Turpin, in the confusion, leaped on his horse and escaped.

King apparently believed that Turpin had shot him deliberately to insure his own escape. As he lay dying a few days later he gave information as to where Turpin was likely to be found in a house near Hackney Marsh.

But Turpin had left that place and moved back to the forest. Still to escape the net that was being thrown out, he went to Lincolnshire, then to Yorkshire.

He was ultimately caught in Yorkshire and taken to York, where he was put into prison. The public was allowed to go and view him behind the bars.

He was tried quickly and executed at York, and his body was buried in St. George's churchyard.

The "ride to York" is entirely fictitious and without any foundation whatever. The truth is that Richard Turpin was too lazy to earn an honest living, and took to crime as an "easy" method; and he got his deserts.

This was Unsolved

Says
Stuart Martin

CLAPHAM COMMON is so called because, to give but one reason, the land belongs to the people. It is a public playground.

On New Year's Eve, the last day of the year 1910, some time after dark, when the Common was deserted, a little man named Leon Beron, whose home was in Whitechapel, came to the Common.

In the early hours of New Year's Day, 1911, somebody delivered a New Year's gift to Leon Beron; and that gift was Death.

His body was found early next morning, his head battered, and knife wounds on his neck and face.

Leon Beron was no angel, it must be admitted. He was a dealer in precious stones, a Jew of Polish origin, who had many friends in the underworld of London. He had been suspected of dealing in stolen property. He was known to have associated with a certain class of women. He usually carried about with him what, in the trade, are called "parcels" of unset diamonds, and money.

But when the police searched his body there was only a half-penny in his pockets, his watch and chain were gone, and there was no sign of any diamonds. Obviously, robbery was the motive.

That watch and chain were peculiar articles. On the chain he had an unusual ornament, a £5 gold-piece.

The first question the police asked themselves was: What brought Leon Beron to Clapham Common? They answered it by two theories. One was that he had come there late at night to meet some woman. The other was that he had made the journey to do a bit of business in stolen property. It was never proved which was the correct theory, if either.

But the police discovered that Beron had been in the company of Morris Stein, an ex-convict on licence, a few hours before the murder. Now, Morris Stein was "wanted" because he had failed to report himself to the police as ex-convicts on licence are required to do.

They found that Stein and Beron had been together in an East End eating-house just before midnight on that New Year's Eve; and they found a cabman who had driven Stein and Beron in his cab to Lavender Hill, and remembered that Beron wore a heavy overcoat with an astrakhan collar; and this was Beron's coat.

Another cabman said he had picked up two men answering the descriptions of Stein and Beron at 4 a.m. near Kennington Church on New Year's Morning. It was alleged, too, that on January 2nd Stein was seen wearing the gold chain and the £5 ornament. (Months later, the watch and chain were found in a pond on Clapham Common.)

Anyway, the police sought out Morris Stein. They got to know that he was staying with a Jewish family in the East End in a room for which he paid three shillings weekly. On the morning of January 8th he was seen leaving his lodgings and entering a cheap restaurant in Fieldgate Street.

Believing he might be desperate, five police officers were detailed to get him. It was feared that he might have firearms. But when they pounced on him he was entirely unarmed, and was quietly eating a breakfast.

He was taken to the police station, where he asked what the charge was. There is here a contradiction in evidence. The police officially stated at his trial that the word "murder" was not mentioned, and that he had been arrested for not reporting. I will deal with that point in a moment. Suffice it to say that Morris Stein, otherwise Stinie Morrison, as he was known, was charged with the murder of Leon Beron.

The trial took place at the Central Criminal Court, before Lord Darling. For the

prosecution there was Mr. later Sir) Richard Muir, and for the defence Mr. Abinger. One cannot go into all the details of that drama which was argued for nine days. There was some confusion in the evidence of some witnesses who were of Polish extraction, and vital evidence was given in Yiddish through an interpreter. It was a trial of sensations, not the least of which was experienced on the last day, when Mr. Abinger asked leave to read a letter. It was one written by Police Constable George Greaves to Mr. Abinger, in strict confidence, but Greaves's permission being obtained, the letter was read. Here is an extract I am able to give:—

"On the day Stinie Morrison was brought in custody to Leman Street Police Station I was on duty in the charge-room. Morrison was placed in the association cell, under the care of two uniformed constables. . . . It was after Morrison was put in that large cell at the end of the passage guarded by two policemen that he is alleged to have referred to murder. I say I heard murder mentioned to him before he was placed there, and several, perhaps ten, minutes after he was brought in.

"I appeal to you, sir, to regard my interests, should you deem it necessary to take any action in consequence of this communication. . . . I am compelled to write this to you in the interests of justice, as it seems to be said in evidence that murder was not mentioned to Morrison a short time after his arrival, and I know it was. . . ."

After cross-examination of Greaves by Mr. Muir, Lord Darling intervened, remarking that the point of when murder was mentioned to Morrison was "one of the smallest" in the case.

Mr. Muir then addressed the jury, and laid stress on what he

called "the prisoner's want of money" on December 31st. Morrison, said Mr. Muir, had given a false account of his means.

Whereupon Morrison shouted from the dock: "It was not a false account. I can give a full account of every farthing. I have never been asked."

Mr. Muir, however, went on with his address, and described Morrison as a "professional burglar," and again Morrison let out a roar.

"I am not a professional burglar. I deny it and can disprove it."

And he wiped away the tears that were fast trickling down his cheeks.

When Lord Darling summed up he told the jury that "it is the characteristic of English justice that we do not seek to avenge a crime," and in referring to the suggestion that the murder was the work of some secret society (it was widely held that the wounds on Beron's face were cut in the shape of the letter S), the learned judge remarked that "anyone who sees the letter S in either of these scratches has either better eyes or a more vivid imagination than I can possibly bring to bear on it."

But he emphasised that if Morrison was the man who was driving in the cabs that night, "how could he account for his being there unless he was the sole murderer or participator in the murder?"

The jury went to consider their verdict at eight o'clock. It had been a long and exciting day.

In thirty-five minutes the jury returned. Their verdict was Guilty.

I was sitting not far from the prisoner, watching him closely. Something in him seemed to snap at the foreman's words. His dark eyes, set in a dark face, filled with tears. He closed his eyes.

"Stinie Morrison," cried the Clerk of Arraignment, "you have been convicted of wilful murder. Have you anything to say why the court should not give you judgment according to the law?"

I watched those tear-filled

A PAGE OF CRIME

eyes of Morris Stein, or Stinie Morrison. He caught his breath. He leaned forward over the dock ledge. Four warders moved forward in unison with his move.

"I have a great deal to say," he cried vehemently. "For one matter, on the evidence against me, as to those funds which were found on me. I can prove that in November I had a sum of £300, and out of this £300 I still have £200. If I can prove that, will it in any way alter the verdict?"

Fighting to the last. He folded his arms and lifted his head in a gesture of defiance.

The usher called, "Silence while my Lord passes sentence."

Lord Darling passed sentence of death.

When he came to the words "and may the Lord have mercy on your soul," the black-robed chaplain echoed a deep, solemn "Amen."

But Morris Stein could no longer contain himself.

"I decline such mercy," he shouted, tremblingly. "I don't believe there is a God in Heaven, either."

Mr. Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary, a few days later signed the reprieve.

Why? If Morrison was guilty of the murder he should have hanged. If not, he should have been freed. That reprieve put the crime among the unsolved.

Even the biographer of the late Lord Darling has written that the judge admitted that, while he believed Morrison guilty, "he thought he should not have been hanged in law."

Well, who directed the jury?

BUT THIS WAS DEADLY—

Says
Russell Sinclair

REPORTS have been coming through to the effect that the secret society of Thugs seem to be operating again in the East and Middle East. Many people have heard the word "Thug" and have accepted it as merely a slang name for a set of ruffians, like the Paris Apaches; but Thuggee has always been much more than that.

Less than a century ago India was permeated by the secret society, who were known as Phansegars, or Thugs, every member regarding every other as a brother, bound together by solemn oaths, and existing for one purpose alone, that of murder. The method was generally that of strangulation.

The members not only joined up in the profession as a means of livelihood, but the occupation was largely hereditary. Even the children of victims were educated in the secrets. They had their secret language, or jargon, which nobody outside the society knew. Thugs never even told their wives of their professions, lest the wives gossiped and gave the secret away.

LEARNING TO MURDER.

There was an inauguration ceremony for novices, and in order to become an efficient strangler he had to fast for four days from all food but milk, then he was anointed with oil, and omens were consulted before he struck down his first victim.

An expert Thug never took longer than a few seconds to kill his victim. The killing was done with a knotted handkerchief, which was

thrown around the victim's neck, and a sharp, sudden movement broke his neck.

Strangely enough, Thuggee had a religious origin, the idea being that there existed two Powers in the world, a Creating Power and a Destroying Power, both of which came from the Supreme Being.

The Creative Power peopled the world so fast that the Destructive Power could not keep pace with the effort and had to get help.

GETTING ON FURTHER.

It was the goddess Kali who therefore started Thuggee, and before every intended crime the Thugs met in secret and prayed to further their efficiency: "O Bhovance, or Kali, mother of the world, whose votaries we are, receive us into thy protection and grant us an omen to assure us of thy consent."

One of the oaths of the Thug was to compass the destruction of every human being whom chance, or his own ignuinity, might cast into his power. But there were a few exceptions to this rule. It was traditional that women were spared, because the patroness of the sect was a female.

Also, Kali had given a sign that certain classes, such as musicians, washer-men, dancing men, sweepers, oil men, carpenters, blacksmiths, and maimed or leprous persons, were exempt.

A British official, W. H.

Sleeman, who presented a report on Thuggee to Whitehall, stated that so secret was the profession of assassin that even headmen of villages and native officials were often members.

Moreover, many officials received a sort of tax from local gangs of Thugs, to whom they gave official protection.

On the other hand, if they had not accepted this position, they themselves would have felt the silk handkerchief around their throats one night.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Thug gangs thrived all over Central and Upper India. They had agents everywhere, disguised as fakirs or merchants. Wherever a Thug went he found homes and entertainment open to him at the secret signs or words.

Colonel Meadows Taylor, who made many investigations into Thuggee, wrote that Thugs could tell by the examination of even a fire-place or an encampment whether these had been built by Thugs or not. There has never been a case of a Thug giving away the secrets of the gangs.

There were various classes of Thugs, each with special duties. A Sotha, for instance, acted as decoy to induce travellers to join a band of roving Thugs so that the travellers could be strangled and robbed at certain places.

The Lugh prepared the graves of the victims.

The Shushae acted as executioner's assistant, and distracted the attention of the victim at the proper moment, so that there might be no bungling when the noose was thrown round his neck.

THE LADY IN NUMBER FOUR. By Richard Keverne—PART IX

ON THE TRAIL OF TRUTH

OVER bread and cheese and a pint of beer, Merrow picked up a few more details about Doctor Argent at the "Crown." Elphick had gone, and the new landlord had mere hearsay to retail. But he had heard of the doctor.

"Used to have a sort of home at one time in that cottage top of the hill," he said. "Funny old goings on there, too, sometimes, from what I've heard. Dotties and drunks, if you know what I mean, sir."

By patient questioning Merrow discovered as much as he could about the residents of the neighbourhood, and but for a couple of week-end cottages owned by townfolk who had come in his time, the inhabitants were all farmers or engaged on the land.

There was nothing more to be done at the moment. He had discovered much—a sad and tragic much—and on his drive back to London he sorted out his information in his mind, and realised that he was no nearer tracing a man called Charlton nor discovering by whom or how she had been blackmailed.

Why, was pretty obvious. He probably had heard but a small part of Janet's history. If when she was supposed to be under control she could be found by the police in a market town hopelessly drunk, there were doubtless even less savoury incidents in her past.

And someone knew the whole sordid story and had threatened to expose her unless she paid.

The filthy scheme became clearer. Janet had undoubtedly been cured of her dipsomania, or she could never have succeeded as she had done in her art. She had changed her name and identity. The drink-sodden Helen West had died and an accomplished painter, Janet Warren, had been born.

Yet the somebody who knew all this had waited his time until he could best capitalise his knowledge. And, quite clearly, that time had come when Janet's engagement had been announced. It was then, for the first time, as Gwen had said, that Janet had received the blackmailer's demand.

But who was the somebody? Doctor Argent? Nurse Marshall? Surely both of them would be above suspicion. Of course, everyone in Chaldean knew of her trouble when she was at the cottage, but would they know of her change of name and identity? That must have been made very carefully. And anyhow, as Merrow saw it, country folk were not skilled in the art of blackmail, and Janet's persecutor was undoubtedly a cunning and experienced man.

Charlton? How did he come into it? Merrow should have asked if the name were known round Chaldean. Of course, Janet must have had

friends in her past life. Disreputable friends, too. It was among them that he would probably find the man he was seeking. But how was he to get knowledge of those friends of twelve years and more ago?

There seemed but one answer to that question. He gave that answer to Gwen Darcy when, late that afternoon, he sat talking to her. Gwen, looking inexpressibly sad as she listened to his painful story, said:—

"Whatever friends she may have had then, I know she cut entirely free of them. I saw everyone who came to see her. And now I understand why she never spoke of any relations or of any friends of her past. But one thing, Hugh, I can swear to. She was absolutely cured. I never saw a sign of anything, and I told you she loathed spirits. And she only went back to them at the very end. I wonder who this doctor was and how she knew him."

"That's what you've got to go and ask him, Gwen," Merrow said. "You must find him and you must make him tell."

"We must find him" had seemed an easy task to Merrow when he spoke. But when he made the first obvious attempt to do so it began to present difficulties.

He started with the London telephone directory, and found there were four Doctor Argents, and none of them might be the man they sought. Indeed, the Argent of Chaldean might not still be alive."

Gwen made a suggestion. "I'm going to ask Doctor Danvers," she said. Her hand went out to the telephone.

Merrow listened while she spoke over the wire. "I want you to help me," she said bluntly. "What?—no, I can't explain on the 'phone, but may I come round? Yes, now—and I'm going to bring an old friend with me, Mr. Merrow—Yes—Thank you so much. We'll come at once."

They were at Danvers' house ten minutes later. Gwen began at once with a bombshell. The utter candour of her unexpected attack shook the doctor's long-cultivated professional caution.

She said, "Doctor, it's about Janet. Did you know she'd been a dipsomaniac?" Luke Danvers jumped as though he'd been shot. He flushed and stammered.

"Re-re-really, Miss Darcy! Re-re-really! What a terrible thing to say!"

"But it's true, doctor. I only wondered if you knew it. I didn't until this afternoon. Hugh found out."

"I refuse to credit the statement, and I refuse to discuss it," the doctor said, still shaken and perturbed.

Unconsciously Merrow followed Gwen's method.

"It is a fact, sir," he said shortly. "I made the discovery at Miss Darcy's request—Gwen, you'd better explain."

Danvers looked furious.

"Yes, I think it does need explanation," he said acidly. Gwen was unruffled.

"I felt certain you didn't know, doctor, and I'm sure I never suspected it. And what's more, she was cured. But I've got to find the man who cured her. He was a Doctor Argent. I want you to help me find him."

"No, I won't," the doctor snapped. "And I can tell you this, no medical man would discuss his patients with you, so you'll be wasting your time. What grounds have you for making this deplorable allegation?"

"Mr. Merrow can tell you," Gwen said, and Merrow told him.

Luke Danvers listened. But he was regaining his poise. "If your information be true, sir, the story were far better forgotten," he said.

Gwen put in patiently, "Doctor Danvers, need we go into

that again? Somebody drove Janet to kill herself, and I'm going to do my best to see that he drives no other miserable woman to death."

"Sentimental twaddle!" Danvers exclaimed. "A most deplorable public scandal has been averted, and need never be made known but for your, your incomprehensible desire to t—to—er—fling it to the world, Miss Darcy."

"I'm sorry, doctor, but I'm going on."

"Very well. All I can do, then, is at least to prevent your spreading this horrible story unnecessarily. If Mr. Merrow's gossip has any foundation the most likely man for you to approach is Sir Philip Argent. But I warn you, he will not discuss the matter with you; I doubt indeed if he would admit any knowledge of Miss Warren if he possessed it."

Gwen, reading from a paper she had taken from her bag, said, "Philip John Argent, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square."

"How did you find that out?" Danvers demanded.

"He was one of the ones in the telephone book, but I didn't know he was a sir," Merrow admitted the unperturbed way in which Gwen dealt with the angry Danvers.

Danvers gave them both a cold bow, opened his consulting-room door, and they were dismissed.

Gwen giggled as she climbed into Merrow's car. "I rather shook up the old boy, I'm afraid," she said.

"You did," he agreed.

"I had to. I've done it before. It's the only way to deal with him. And, Hugh, didn't it occur to you that he knew all about Jane's troubles?"

"No—I don't know that it did. Why?" He started the car and they ran slowly through the square towards the Fulham Road.

"Because he never denied it. He bluffed and blustered, but he couldn't bring himself

to say anything more definite than that he refused to admit it. I can see a lot of things more clearly now—his special interest in Janet. But, of course, she told him; you'd be a fool if you didn't tell your doctor a thing like that, and I believe now she was always sort of under his observation. That's why he was forever dropping in."

"Yes," Merrow said. "I see what you mean. And that may account for his sudden surrender. I mean the way he suddenly named this Sir Philip Argent. That made me think he knew who we were after all the time. And when he found he couldn't frighten you off he gave in. But if he knows Argent, I wouldn't put it above him to telephone him and warn him."

Gwen said, "Let's go along to Chandos Street now—at once. We might get in before old Danvers does telephone."

Merrow nosed the car through the early evening traffic northward to the Park. He agreed with Gwen's plan, and they discussed means of getting at Argent if he refused at first to talk.

But at Chandos Street they saw the house was shut up, blinds were drawn, and the whole place wore an air of desertion.

"Still, there must be a caretaker or something. Leave this to me. I'm going to try," Merrow said.

He left the car and went up the broad steps to the front door with a jaunty air. A ring at the bell brought a woman from the basement door, who peered up to see who the caller might be. Merrow greeted her with an easy cheerfulness that amused Gwen.

"Oh, good evening," he said, leaning over the railings. "Sir Philip's away, I see. I was afraid he would be. It's just my luck, for I've only got a few days in London, and I did want to see him before I left. When will he be back? I'm not a patient, by the way; this is quite an unprofessional call."

His smile implied that he was a friend, and his friendly manner dispelled the woman's first embarrassment at being discovered peering. She had come up the area steps to talk.

"He won't be back for good, sir, till the seventeenth of September," she said, "but he'll be up next Monday; he comes up Mondays to see special patients."

"He won't want to see me then," Merrow laughed. "And I shan't be here on Monday anyway. I'm Mr. Merrow."

WANGLING WORDS—181

1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ERGUM, to make one possessed of a devil.

2.—Rearrange the letters of HEED PATER, to make a Scottish town.

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HOLLY into BERRY, SIDE into WALK, STONE into CROWS, JACK into GAME.

4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from MANTELPIECE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 180

1.—PHONOGRAPH.
2.—STAFFORDSHIRE.
3.—COSY, COST, CAST, CART, PART, PARK, BARK, BANK, BUNK, MAKE, MARE, BARE, BASK, BAST, BUST, LUST, LOST, LOOT, BOOT, BOOK.

BIRD, BARD, CARD, CARE, CAGE.

LAST, LIST, LINT, TINT, TIME, TINE.

4.—Pail, Pity, Pain, City, Cain, Clip, Clap, Clan, Clay, Cart, Carp, Pray, Cray, Cran, Nail, Lain, Lint, Tail, Rail, Liar, Pair, Pint, Trip, Trap, Part, etc.

Laity, Print, Antic, Plant, Plait, Trail, Trial, Party, Paint, Tapir, Train, Latin, Plain, etc.

—he spoke as though the name would convey much to the woman, and she tried to pretend that it did. "Now, I wonder if I could get hold of him on the 'phone. If he's not too far away I'd drive down. Are you allowed to give me his holiday address?"

"Well, no, sir. But, of course, you could write."

"No good. It's a great disappointment. I suppose you couldn't—er—strain a point?"

His hand went to his pocket and he jingled some silver. The woman's eyes went to a couple of half-crowns in Merrow's hand.

"Seeing you're a friend, I don't see there's any harm in it," she said, and the half-crowns passed. "His letters is sent to Heathergate, Oldford."

"Golfing," Merrow laughed. "I thought so. Thank you very much; you've saved me a deal of disappointment. Thank you, thank you. Good evening."

He left her with a friendly nod and another cheery smile, and rejoined Gwen.

"I worked it," he said. "He's at Oldford. That's not more than fifteen miles from the 'Black Boy.' Curious how all this business centres there."

"It is—very curious," she said thoughtfully.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A millepore is an insect, a thousand days, a kind of coral, a hole on hog's skin, an Etruscan bagpipe?

2. Who wrote (a) The Way of the World, (b) Under the Red Robe?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Cheddar, Cheshire, Gruyere, Negus, Camembert, Dutch.

4. On what river does Norwich stand?

5. What business is associated with the number 57?

6. How many balls are used in snooker?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Excrecence, Harlequin, Hypocrite, Ilegible, Ipe-cachuan.

8. Who is Mrs. Vic Oliver?

9. With what cities do you associate (a) St. Mark's, (b) St. Peter's?

10. Have we passed the year MCML?

11. What is the capital of Norway?

12. Complete the phrases: (a) Diana of the —, (b) According to —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 225

1. Bullfighter.
2. (a) Sabatini, (b) H. G. Wells.

3. Greengage is cultivated; others are wild.

4. Orwell.

5. Mummuration.

6. Squirrel's hair.

7. Incidentally, Perspicacious.

8. Bank of England.

9. 1812 ("The 1812 Overture.")

10. 1066.

11. St. John's.

12. (a) Henry, (b) Anne.

USELESS EUSTACE

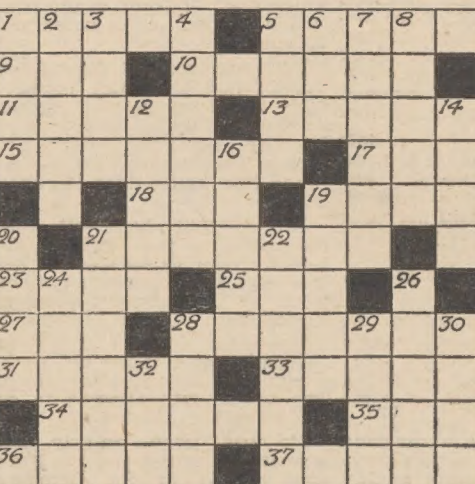


"No! Came in for fallen arches, chum, but I got fresh with the nurse!"

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Discard.
- 5 Dry.
- 9 Sadness.
- 10 State of perfection.
- 11 Turn away.
- 13 Bottle parts.
- 15 Tardy.
- 17 Golf mound.
- 18 Annoy.
- 19 Rugged.
- 21 Wigs.
- 23 Jaw-front.
- 25 Delve.
- 27 Number.
- 28 Goes.
- 31 Goes smoothly.
- 33 Interlace.
- 34 Loll.
- 35 Ailment.
- 36 Cash.
- 37 Valued.

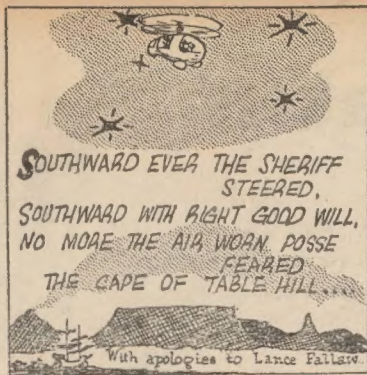
Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

PROP MATURE
LIBERAL NEW
AGED SLUDGE
I YAPS SOUR
DWEIL OK L
SAD URN FAD
L PS CHORE
ALSO BEAR S
COUPLE VALE
HOD INTEGER
ENSUED NEAT

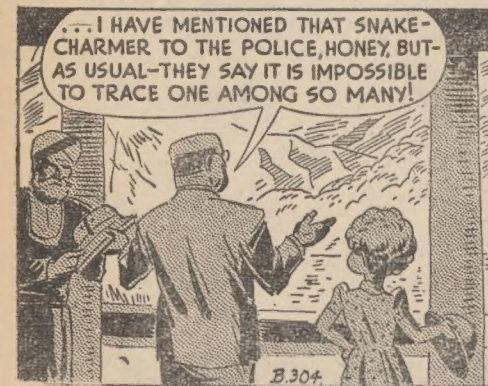
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Mop.
- 2 Lid.
- 3 Dance.
- 4 Golf club.
- 5 Body of water.
- 6 Animal.
- 7 Gape of bill.
- 8 Formed into a mass.
- 12 Large bird.
- 14 Appear.
- 16 Ooze out.
- 19 Magnificent.
- 20 Deeds.
- 21 Cogged wheel.
- 22 Fish.
- 24 Answering call.
- 26 Country steps.
- 28 Gainsay.
- 29 Floating structure.
- 30 Knob.
- 32 Exactly.

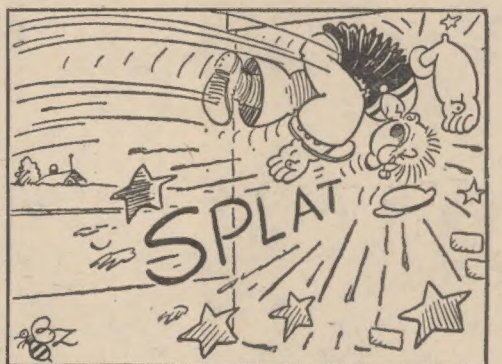
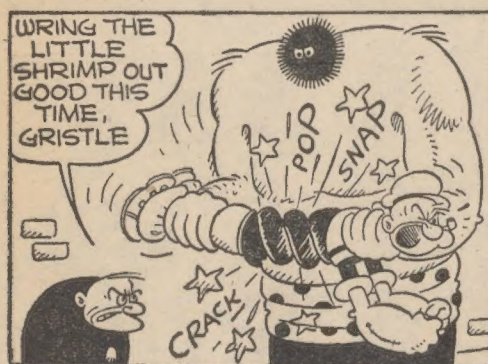
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



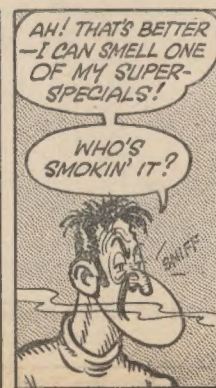
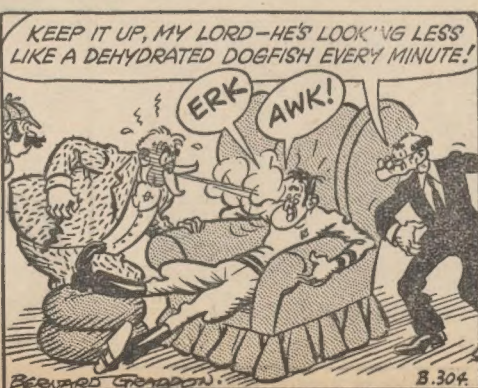
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE OPERA STAR WHO COULDN'T SING

By PETER DAVIS

FOND of opera? Well, it's a good job, anyway, that you never heard of Inez Rendeyer. The applause at her performances was always deafening, yet not a single man or woman enjoyed listening to her singing. Her voice was cracked and hideous.

She sang again and again. The audience rose in a body—and clamoured for more! Amid such scenes of triumph her operas went on! After her first appearance many of the French newspapers gave gushing eulogies of the new "star." Inez Rendeyer, in the beautiful chateau furnished for her by the Marquis de Vaudrey, negligently read through the messages of congratulation she had received.

The following night Parisian Society flocked to the opera house to judge for themselves whether the "star" was a real discovery; but, to their astonishment, they found all seats sold. Meantime, dressed in rich clothes, beggars and artisans were pouring into the theatre.

Again Inez sang. Once more she made her audience squirm in their seats. And once more they applauded wildly after scene. What was the explanation of her amazing, unjustified triumph?

Inez had been a child of the slums. When she was twelve years old she left her home and begged her way along the roads of France.

One day, when a young woman of eighteen, she slipped into the stables of the rich Marquis de Vaudrey. Under the seat of one of his gilt and brocade coaches she made her bed and went soundly to sleep.

The Marquis, riding in his carriage next morning, felt something touching his silken-clad legs, and eventually pulled out the lovely Inez!

She became his mistress, and, with his vast fortune at her command, she lavished money on achieving her ambition to become a famous singer. To receive applause and adoration was her dream.

One day she confided her ambition to her lover. "Inez," he replied, "if it is possible it will be done!"

Famous music masters were engaged to instruct Inez in the art of singing—but in vain. She could not appreciate or understand even the simplest details. Yet she refused to give up her strange ambition.

So the Marquis hired a theatre and a company of singers. Orchestra, conductor and company were instructed to follow her appalling singing as closely as possible.

To complete the illusion, the Marquis hired the services of a vast army of poverty-stricken people to act as the audience. They received money and the loan of fancy-dress garments to make them resemble the aristocracy!

Last, but not least, De Vaudrey bought the services of the Press, for in those days preceding the French Revolution even the newspapers were corruptible.

The farce was played out to the bitter end. Inez, deceived, thought that she had enchanted her audience. But, her "ambition" achieved, she tired of her new-found "fame" in a few days.

CANCELLED BY DIAMONDS, BUT IN BRICKS

A GROUP of Allied seamen were touring London the other day, and when they arrived at Lincoln's Inn, one of them asked what was the meaning of the diamond-shaped windows, and what was the reason that the old builders of London put diamonds (in bricks) in church buildings.

If you want to know, we can tell you. It will save you asking any more questions.

The answer is Law. These diamonds shaped in bricks, are what are called "Cancellari," and are the sign of the Lord Chancellor's court. But they are not really "diamond-shaped" at all. And this is how.

In the old, old days, if somebody sought equity, the claim was scored by two vertical fines; and when equity was secured, two other lines were scored across the first two.

This meant that justice had been done and the matter cancelled by the "cancellari." The word is derived from "Chancellor," "Chancelleries of Europe," and "Chancery."

These diamonds are seen often in church windows, and are a reminder of the time when the Law was administered by the Church.

In the days when Becket and Wolsey were Lord Chancellors they erected in some cathedrals a diamond grill which divided off the legal court from the rest of the building.

This is why we still speak of the chancel of a church.

It was there, near the High Altar, that equity was secured and Justice was delivered by the "cancellari," administered by the cancellarius, or chancellor, or his deputy.

And why did he get the name of Chancellor? Why, simply because he was the Cancellor, which is another rendering of the name.

So now you know why these diamonds, in brick, or in windows, were built into the legal and church buildings.

Often the bricks were black, while the bricks of the building were red or brown. This was so that the black cancellation should be seen easily.

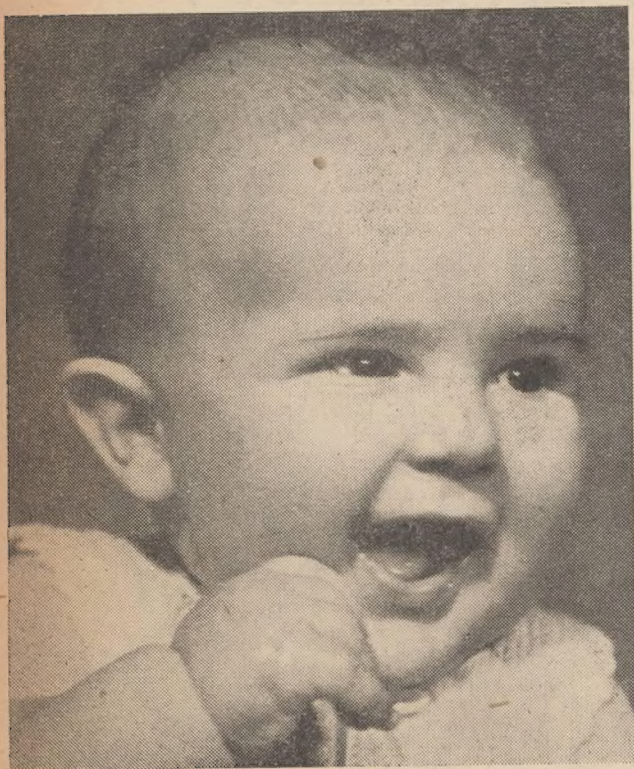
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



This England

Could anything be more illustrative of an English country cottage than this delightful view of Glatton, Hunts.?



"Why shouldn't I smile? I haven't a care in the world. Well, at any rate, I've just had a lovely feed, and at the moment my teeth aren't worrying me a scrap."



"Just look at that undignified sight! No poodle would condescend to such an exhibition of gross vulgarity."

Breakers

Though, of the two, we prefer M.G.M. star Ava Gardner. After all, hearts CAN be mended.



"I don't mind you having a ride, old thing; but I'm sure that if anyone sees us, they'll think you are making a perfect ass of me."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

